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HARUM MERRILL, SEXTON and FUR
eral Undertaker, No. 8 Court Square. House, No.
Russell Place. 3m June 12

SUMMER RAMBLE.

BY WM. C. BRYANT.

The quiet August noon has come,
A slumberous silence fills the sky,
The fields are still, the woods are dumb,
In glassy sleep the waters lie.

And mark yon soft, white clouds, that rest
Above the vale, a motionless throng;
The cattle on the mountain's breast
Enjoy the grateful shadow long.

O, how unlike those merry hours,
In early June, when earth laughs out,
When the fresh winds make love to flowers,
And woodlands sing, and waters shout.

When in the grass sweet voices tattle,
And streams of tiny music swell
From every moss cup of the rock,
From every nameless blossom's bell.

But now a joy too deep for sound,
A peace no other season knows
Hushes the heavens, and wraps the ground,
The blessing of supreme repose.

Away! I will not be, to-day,
The only slave of toil and care;
Away from desk and dust! away!
I'll be as idle as the air.

Beneath the open sky abroad,
Among the plants and breathing things,
The wisest, peaceful works of God,
I'll share the calm the season brings.

Come, then, in those soft eyes I see
The gentle moonings of thy heart,
One day amid the woods, with me,
From men and all their cares apart.

And where, upon the meadow's breast,
The shadow of the thickets lies,
The blue wild flowers thus gathered,
Shall glow yet deeper near thine eyes.

Come, and when 'mid the calm profound,
I turn, those gentle eyes to seek,
They, like the lovely landscape round,
Of innocence and peace shall speak.

Rest here, beneath the unmoving shade,
And on the silent valleys gaze,
Winding and widening, till they fade,
In yon soft ring of summer haze.

The village trees their summits rear,
Still as its spire, and yonder flock,
At rest in those calm fields, appear
As chiselled from the lifeless rock.

One tranquil scene the mount o'erlooks—
There the hushed winds their Sabbath keep,
While a near hum from bees and brooks,
Comes faintly, like the breath of sleep.

Will my the gazer deem that when,
Worn with the struggle and the strife,
And heart-sick at the wrongs of men,
The good forsakes the scene of life;

Like this deep quiet, that awhile
Lingers the lovely landscape o'er,
Shall be the peace whose holy smile
Welcomes him to a happier shore.

From the Knickerbocker.

THE OLD FARMER'S ELEGY.

On a green grassy knoll, by the banks of the brook,
That so long and so often has watered his flock,
The old farmer rests in his long and last sleep,
While the waters a low, lulling lullaby keep.

He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain;
No more shall awake him to labor again.

The blue bird sings sweet on the gay maple bough,
His warbling oft cheered him while plowing the plough;
And the robins above him light on the mold,
For he fed them with crumbs when the season was cold.

He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain;
No more shall awake him to labor again.

You tree that with fragrance is filling the air,
So rich with its blossoms, so thrifty and fair,
By his own hand was planted, and well did he say,
It would live when his planter had mouldered away.

He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain;
No more shall awake him to labor again.

There's the well that he dug, with its water so cold,
With its wet dripping sides, so mossy and old,
No more from its depths by the partridge drawn,
For 'the pitcher is broken'—the old man is gone!

He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain;
No more shall awake him to labor again.

And the seat where he sat by his own cottage door,
In the still summer eve, when his labors were o'er,
With his eye on the moon, and his pipe in his hand,
Dispensing his truths like a sage of the land.

He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain;
No more shall awake him to labor again.

'Twas a gloom-giving day when the old farmer died;
The stout-hearted mourned, the affectionate cried,
And the prayers of the just for his rest did ascend,
For they all lost a BROTHER, a MAN, and a FRIEND.

He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain;
No more shall awake him to labor again.

For upright and honest the old farmer was;
His God he revered, he respected the laws;
Though farmers like him, he has gone where his worth
Will outshine, like pure gold, all the dross of this earth.

He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain;
No more shall awake him to labor again.

Gill, Mass. J. D. C.

HARVEST HYMN.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

Great God!—our heart-felt thanks to thee!
We feel thy presence everywhere!
And pray that may ever be
Thine objects of thy guardian care.

We sow!—by thee our work was seen
And blessed, and instantly went forth
Thy mandate, and in living grain
Soon smiled the fair and fruitful earth.

We toil!—and thou dost note our toil,
And gavest the sunshine and the rain,
Till ripened on the reaping soil
The fragrant grain, and golden grain.

And now, we pray!—and O, our God!
From this, the earth's unbounded floor,
We send our song of thanks abroad,
And pray Thee, bless our harvest store!

A MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

Forty years ago, on the mountains of Western
Massachusetts, a mother with eight children,
Five of them under the age of fourteen, was left
to trust in the widow's God and the Father of
the fatherless. She called them around her
regularly, and led them in family worship; and
often at the dead of night, when the moon was
heard calling on her heavenly Father to have
mercy upon them. Before the youngest had
reached the age of 21, all except one son had
hope in Christ. That son early in life left the
family to learn a trade; and on becoming of
age, he found himself amid the outpouring of
the Spirit; the sound of his mother's voice at
midnight, when he slept in the chamber with
her, reached his heart. He too found peace in
Christ, and has long been a pillar to the church
and superintendent of the Sabbath School in a
new settlement. The mother still lives in peace
and quiet, waiting till her change come; her

children are supposed to be all yet living, hand-
ing down her influence to the third generation,
and willing to aid their mother; but she has a
competence of this world's goods. Such is the
history of a praying widow and her children for
forty years.

FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE BOY AND HIS ANGEL.

"O! mother, I've been with an angel to-day;
I was out alone in the garden at play,
Chasing after the butterflies, watching the bees,
And hearing the woodpecker tapping the trees;
So I played and I played till so weary I grew,
I sat down to rest by the side of a yew;
While the birds sang so sweetly high up in its top,
I held my breath, mother, for fear they would stop."

And a long while I sat gazing up in the sky,
And watching the clouds that went hurrying by,
When I heard a voice calling just over my head,
That sounded as if—'Come, O brother!' it said,
And there, right up in the top of the tree,
O! mother! an angel was beckoning to me!"

And "Brother," once more, "Come, O brother," he cried,
And now light pinions close down by my side;
And mother, O! never was being so bright,
As the one which then beamed on my wondering sight;
His cheeks were as fair as the delicate shell,
His hair down his shoulders in long ringlets fell,
While his eyes resting on me so melting with love,
Were as soft and as mild as the eyes of a dove.

And somehow, dear mother, I felt not afraid
As his hand on my brow he caressingly laid,
And murmured so sweetly and gently to me,
"Come, brother, the angels are waiting for thee."

And then on my forehead he tenderly pressed
Such kisses—O! mother! they thrilled through my breast
As swiftly as lightning leaps down from on high,
When the chariot of God rolls along the dark sky,
While his breath, floating round me, was soft as the breeze
That played in my tresses, or rustled the trees.

At length on my head a deep blessing he poured,
Then plumed his light pinions, and upward he soared;
Up, up he went through the blue sky so far,
He seemed to float there like a glittering star;
Yet still my eyes followed his radiant flight,
Till lost in the azure, he passed from my sight.

Then, O! how I feared as I caught the last gleam
Of his vanishing form, it was only a dream,
When soft voices murmured once more from the tree,
"Come, brother, the angels are waiting for thee!"

O! pale grew that mother, and heavy her heart,
For she knew her fair boy from this world must depart;
For his bright locks must fade in the dust of the tomb,
Ere the autumn winds withered the summer's rich bloom.

O! how his young footsteps she watched day by day,
As his delicate form wasted slowly away,
Till the soft light of heaven seemed shed o'er his face,
And he crept up to die in her loving embrace;

"O! clasp me, dear mother, close, close to your breast,
On that gentle pillow again let me rest—
Let me once more gaze up in your dear loving eye,
And then, O! mother, I can willingly die;
But kiss me, dear mother, O quickly, for see,
The bright blessed angels are waiting for me!"

O! wild was the anguish that thrilled through her breast,
As the faint, frantic kiss on his pale lips she pressed;
And as the vain search of his lips pleading eye,
As it strove to meet her's, ere the fair boy could die.

"I see you not, mother, for darkness and night
Are hiding your dear loving face from my sight,
But I hear your low sobbing, dear mother, good bye,
The angels are waiting to hear me on high;

I will wait for you there, but O! tarry not long,
Lest grief at your absence should sadden my song."
He ceased, and his hands meekly clasped on his breast,
While his pale face sank down on his pillow of rest.

Then closing his eyes, now all rayless and dim,
Went up with the angels that waited for him.

A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE STORY.

A few weeks since, in coming down the North
River, I was seated in the cabin of the magnifi-
cent steamer Isaac Newton, in conversation with
some friends. It was becoming late in the
evening, and one after another, seeking repose
from the cares and toils of the day, made pre-
paration to retire to their berths. Some, pulling
off their boots and coats, lay themselves
down to rest; others, in the quietude of the
sea, seemed as much as possible like home, threw
off more of their clothing—each one as his comfort,
or apprehension of danger, dictated.

I had noticed on the deck a fine looking little
boy of about six years old, following around a
man, evidently his father, whose appearance in-
dicated him to be a foreigner, probably a German—
a man of medium height, and respectable
dress. The child was unusually fine looking,
handsomely featured, with an intelligent and
affectionate expression of countenance; and
under his little German cap fell his chest-
nut hair, in thick, clustering, beautiful curls.

After walking about the cabin for a time the
father and son stopped within a few feet of
where we were seated, and began preparations
for going to bed. I watched them. The father
adjusted and arranged the bed the child was to
occupy, which was an upper berth, while the
little fellow was undressing himself. Having
finished this, his father tied a handkerchief
around his head to protect his curls, which
looked as if the sunlight from his young happy
heart always rested there. This done, I looked
for him to seek his resting place; but instead
of this, he quietly knelt down on the floor,
put up his little hands together, so beautifully,
childlike and simple, and resting his arms on
the lower berth, against which he knelt, he began
his vesper prayers.

The father sat down by his side, and waited
the conclusion. It was, for a child, a long
prayer, but well understood. I could hear the
murmuring of his sweet voice, but could not
distinguish the words he spoke. But what a
scene!—There were men around him—Christian
men—retiring to rest without prayer; or, if
praying at all, a kind of mental desire for pro-
tection, without sufficient courage or piety to
kneel down in a steamboat's cabin, and before
strangers, acknowledge the goodness of God,
or ask his protecting love.

Was this the training of some pious mother?
Where was she now? How many times had
her kind hand been laid on those sunny locks,
as she had taught him to kiss his prayers!

A beautiful sight it was, that child at prayer,
in the midst of the busy, thoughtless throng.
He, alone, of the worldly multitude, draws
him to heaven. I thank the parental love that
taught him to kiss his evening prayer, whether
Catholic or Protestant, whether dead or living,
whether far off or near. It did me good, it
made me better. I could scarce refrain from
weeping then, nor can I now, as I see again
that sweet child in the crowded tumult of a
steamer's cabin, bending in devotion before
his Maker.

But a little while before I saw a crowd of
admirable listeners gathered about a company
of Italian singers, in the upper saloon—a mother
and two sons, with voice, and harp, and violin;
but no one heeded, no one cared, for the child
at prayer.

When the little boy had finished his evening
devotion, he arose, and kissed his father most
affectionately, who put him into his berth to
rest for the night. I felt a strong desire to
speak to them, but deferred it till morning.
When morning came, the confusion of the land-
ing prevented me from seeing them again. But,
if ever I meet that boy in his happy youth, in
his anxious manhood, in his declining years, I'll
thank him for the influence and example of that

night's devotion, and bless the name of the
mother that taught him to pray.

Scarcely any passing incident of my life ever
made a deeper impression on my mind. I went
to my room, and thanked God that I had wit-
nessed it, and for its influence on my heart.
Who prays on a steambot? Who trains their
children to pray, even at home?

A SPOILED CHILD.

The tragic murder of Dr. Parkman, of Boston,
by Prof. Webster, filled the community with
horror. A chain of circumstantial evidence
proved his guilt, and he was condemned to
death. In his prison, petitioning the Governor
for a milder punishment, he confesses the crime,
declaring it was not murder from malice pre-
sented, but manslaughter from uncontrolled mo-
mentary passion. He says, "I am irritable and
passionate; a quickhanded and brisk violence
of temper has been a besetting sin of my life.
I was an only child, much indulged, and have
never acquired the control over my passions
which I ought to have acquired early; and the
consequence is all this!"

A BENEVOLENT HORSE.

A horse in the neighborhood of New York,
dragging a load of coal (1200 weight) in a cart
on a slow walk, came up to a child on his hind
quarters in the middle of the road, gathering
up the dust with his hands, and making "moun-
tains out of mole hills." The horse stopped—
he smelt of the child—there was no room to
turn off. With his thick lips he gathered the
frock between his teeth, lifted the child up and
laid him gently on the outside of the wheel
track, and "went on his way rejoicing;" and
well he might rejoice—he had done a noble
deed.

A PLEA FOR GALLERIES IN CHURCHES.

In our recent travels in different sections of
the country, we have observed that many
churches recently built have no galleries, and
that some have merely an end gallery opposite
the pulpit, and over the vestibule or entrance of
the church.

We fear this style of church-building is going
to do serious injury to the cause of Sun-
day Schools, and to prevent in a great degree
the religious instruction of our youth. We do
not recollect in any of these churches to have
seen the Sunday School children come in and sit
in a body. They usually disperse when Sunday
School is over, some to sit with their parents
and friends, and others to wander away and lose
the good impressions the Sabbath School may
have made upon them. This is an evil of no
ordinary magnitude.

What will it avail that we gather in the chil-
dren of the poor, the careless and the vicious,
that we instruct them for an hour or two in our
Sunday Schools, and then turn them loose to
waste the Sabbath amid sinful and corrupting
associations? Whereas, could these same
children be retained under the care of teachers,
and taught to worship God in his sanctuary,
impressions of the truth would be confirmed on
their hearts, and there would be hope of their
salvation.

But in order to secure the presence of these
children in the congregation a place must be al-
lotted to them. The school must go in as a
body—the teachers must sit with their classes
—parents who attend church must allow their
children to sit in the place assigned them as
members of the Sunday School, for the sake of
an example to children whose parents do not at-
tend church.

Well-constructed side galleries furnish the
requisite space, and the right position, for seat-
ing the scholars of a Sunday School, and hap-
py is the church that has such galleries full of
them. There is no earthly site more beautiful,
or more full of promise to the kingdom of God
among men. We are happy to say that such
sights are not rare in the city of New York and
its vicinity, and that here the churches are al-
most invariably built with side galleries.

We cannot now take the space to discuss the
subject in full, but we desire to call particular
attention to it, in anxious hope that no more
churches will be built without ample provision
for seating the children of the Sunday School.
We also entreat all ministers and trustees of
churches in which accommodations for the Sun-
day School, as a body, are not now furnished,
to lose no time in providing them. End gal-
leries are usually quite too far off for children
to hear with any profit the discourse of a min-
ister in the pulpit. Hence we ask that in all
churches without side galleries, the front body
shelves be allotted to the Sunday School. In
them the children may hear the Word of God to
advantage, and with the certainty that they
furnish good ground for seed sown. Do not
send them to roam abroad, or to place them in
some awkward corner where no one else wishes
to sit, to offend multitudes of Christ's little
ones, and we doubt not to incur the displeasure
of the Almighty.—S. S. Advocate.

LAURA BRIDGMAN'S VIEW OF WEALTH.

She knows the cost of rich shawls and fine
lace, of precious stones, jewelry and furniture;
but no display of them ever seems to affect her
appreciation of the owner's worth. As yet, she
has escaped the disturbing influence which
wealth, and other hollow and factitious dis-
tinctions among persons, have upon the opinion and
esteem in which they are held. She is no re-
specter of things artificial or superficial. The
absence or presence of "the guinea's stamp"
alters not, in her mind, the value of the metal
that is in the man. No display of wealth or
luxury can dazzle her, though it may be per-
ceived by her. Even beauty of person or sweet-
ness of voice fails to affect her. The seductions
of the smile and of the eye charm not her judg-
ment into sleep. The speaker must drop, be-
fore her, the masquerade of soft smiles and
sweet tones, which impose upon the senses, and
words have weight only according to their real
worth. They must be signs of feelings and
deeds, and if they tally not in every particular
with the things they represent, they are thrown
aside as counterfeit and worthless coin.

She meets the Governor of the State as quietly
as she does the most ordinary person; and she
would meet the Queen of England just as
quietly, though she might perhaps raise a curi-
ous note to feel if she wore her crown. True,
she is fond of being neatly dressed herself, as
has been said, which is a commendable thing, if
it does not lead to the wearing of the latest
fashions, but her admiration of their fresh-
ness would not be transferred to the wearer, any
more than it would to the padded figure that
turns round and round in a shop window.

Nevertheless, she has an appreciation of the
value of the comforts and refinements of life,
and of the importance of having the means to
secure the enjoyment of them. Her father is a
respectable farmer, and a man of some worldly
shelter of his home for life. She loves her
parents and her brother, but she could not find
in their remote village the means of continual
culture and improvement, which are to her the
bread of life, and the appetite for which grows
with what it feeds upon. She desires to possess
what she knows to be the key to many of the
pleasures and advantages of life—to wit, money
—and is beginning to gather it together in her

small way. She works constantly, making bags,
purses, &c., which are sold, and the profits paid
to her. It is evident, however, she cannot earn
enough, by ever so diligent use of her fingers,
to give her a competence. Other means she has
none, though she sometimes, with pleasing sim-
plicity, says she has. In a late conversation with
Miss Bremer, Laura asked her, with perfect
simplicity, whether she found that writing books
"paid well." "Pretty well," was the reply.
Upon which Laura eagerly rejoined, "Do you
think, if I should write a book, it would pay
well?"

Perhaps, by a little effort on the part of her
friends, money enough might be raised to buy
for her a life-annuity, which would place her
beyond the reach of pecuniary want, and secure
to her the attendance and companionship of some
young lady who could be to her what Miss
Wright has so long been. Laura will do what
she can, diligently and cheerfully, to perform
those duties and labors of life, of which every
conscientious person should discharge his proper
share. She asks no one to do for her what she
can do for herself. She wishes no one to be her
menial or servant. She has already done some
service in her day and generation, by setting
forth in her department, under her sore afflic-
tions, the native dignity of the human charac-
ter. She has shown in what degree the spirit
is dependent upon the senses for its manifesta-
tion and enjoyment. She has shown how little
the factitious and arbitrary distinctions of life are
necessary to happiness. She is, however, uter-
ly dependent upon human sympathy and aid for
the continuance of her happiness, and even
of her life. She can appeal only as she has done
to the exhibition of her helplessness, for that
sympathy and aid. Hitherto it has been proffered
with eagerness and abundance. May it never
be withheld; and may an hour of need never
come to her; but may new friends be raised
up to her, when those who now watch
over her with the tender solicitude of parents
can watch over and comfort her no longer upon
earth!—Dr. Howe's Report.

SCHOOLS IN MAINE.

The Report of Hon. E. M. Thurston, Sec-
retary of the Board of Education, says the Age,
just printed, is a very able, elaborate and highly
interesting document, containing many valuable
recommendations and suggestions in relation to
the school system of the State, and embodying
a large amount of statistical information bear-
ing on various points connected with the gen-
eral subject.

The Secretary objects to the withdrawal of
the Bank Tax for the support of schools—goes
into an argument to show the advantages
derived from the teacher's institute in the several
counties—comments on the necessity of school
improvement, and enforces his position by facts
and arguments of a convincing character.

It appears from the Report that 4,467 teach-
ers have attended one or more of the institutes
held for the last three years. But as less than
one third of them attended more than one
institute, the Secretary comes to the conclusion
that a large proportion of our public school teach-
ers are leaving the profession every year, with
many of them it being their first and last year.

The whole number of teachers employed in the
State, 2,454 males, and 3,535 females. About
one eighth of the towns did not make returns, or
made defective returns. The numbers given em-
brace, therefore, about 7-8 of the whole. The
average rate of wages in the State, for male teach-
ers was \$16.66 a month, females 14.46 a week.

The average wages are highest in Washington
County, \$21.13 for males, and 1.81 for females;
and the lowest in Oxford, \$12.94 for males, and
in Franklin \$11.17 for females. Kennebec is a few
cents below the average in the State for both
sexes. The average length of schools in all the
districts returned, is 19-2-10ths weeks a
year. Washington county had the longest
schools, 32-3-10ths weeks; Franklin the short-
est, 17 weeks. The city of Bath has the longest
schools in the State, 40 weeks in the year. Ban-
gor 36, Saco 34, Eastport 31, &c. Several
small towns have only 11 or 12 weeks school in
the year, and one only 10.

The number of school districts returned, was
3,350. Number of school houses, 3,063. Of
these, 1,391 are returned as being well con-
structed and in good repair, 1,571 not in good
repair, and 102 not definitely classed.

The whole number of persons between 4 and
21, in the districts returned, was 194,095, 110,609
being attending school in the summer 110,609,
in winter 133,413. Average attendance in sum-
mer \$1,084, in winter 102,485. The mean aver-
age attendance was 47 per cent. of the whole
number. In Kennebec, it was 48 per cent. In
Edinburg, in Penobscot county, it was 86 per
cent, and in Lowell only 22 per cent. In East
Portland, in Kennebec county, it is 90 per
cent, and in Monmouth only 30 per cent. Pen-
obscot is the highest county, 32 per cent., and
Aroostook the lowest, 32 per cent.

The whole amount of money raised by tax for
the support of schools, in 1849, in the 321 towns
and plantations making returns, was \$221,823-
55 cents, being \$52,384.23 more than the low-
est sum required by law. 65 towns raised the
exact sum legally prescribed, and 23 appear to
have raised less. The remaining 233 towns
raised more than the law required. The aver-
age school tax in the State was about \$1.06 to
a scholar. Washington county raised \$1.28,
Penobscot \$1.20, and Aroostook only 69 cents
to a scholar. Kennebec raised \$1.18.

A RELIGIOUS DOG.

My father had a dog whose memoirs ought to
be written. I have often asked him to put upon
paper the leading incidents in the life of Fidelity,
(that was the dog's name,) but as he has
always declined, I shall record a few facts, and
they may provoke a more complete biography.
My private opinion is, that the life of a good
dog is a better example than that of a bad man.

The peculiar feature of the dog's character was
his regard for religious places, religious men,
and religious meetings. He was punctual in his
attendance upon family worship, never being out
of hearing when the household was assembled.
He attended the weekly prayer meetings in the
village, where he held from house to house,
notice being given of the place of meeting on
the Sabbath. He never mistook the evening,
or the hour, or the house. Nor did he depend
on watching the family to follow them to the
place of prayer. Frequently he was shut up in
a room to prevent his attendance, and he would
dash through a pane of glass and be at the right
place before the time when the service began.

He was before the time when the service began,
confined in an out-house that had no floor; he
dug a hole under the sill, and reached the meet-
ing before the second hymn was finished. On
the Sabbath he was a regular attendant at
church, and always occupied the square step at
the head of the pulpit stairs; if there was the
least disturbance among the dogs below, as
there would be in the country sometimes, he would
rise and frown his displeasure upon them until
it was settled. One day he was so pleasantly
occupied with his canine acquaintance at the
door, that the time slipped by and the minister
commenced the service; instantly he gave a
yelp, expressing his mortification, and listening
to his place, cowered down in an attitude of
shame, which he maintained to the close of the
service. Perhaps the most singular trait in his
character was his unwillingness to stay over
night in a house where they did not have family
worship. He was in the habit of visiting among

my father's ministerial acquaintance, but one
day he followed a gentleman from a neighbor-
ing town to his house, and made himself quite
at home, evidently intending to spend a few
days, as he had done at other places. The even-
ing closed in, and at length the family retired
for the night, without being assembled for pray-
ers. The dog made his way out of the house,
and traveled home as fast as his legs would
carry him. This practice was so common with
him, there could be no doubt of his views.

I could fill pages with the record of similar
facts, but I am hindered by two inquiries:
Who will believe them? and, What good will
they do? These questions may have deterred
my father from writing the dog's history; but I
am sure it would form an interesting chapter
in a volume that is yet to be written on the sa-
gacity of the brute creation. I have no idea
that this dog had any religious sensibility;
much less do I imagine that he or his species has
a moral nature, capable of cultivation; but I love
to think that a wise and infinitely benevolent
Creator has endowed the humblest of his crea-
tures with sources of enjoyment, and powers of
usefulness, so that in their several ranks and
spheres they answer high and important ends in
the economy of the universe. I do not know
what is that "spirit of the beast which goeth
downward;" nor how much intelligence it may
have pleased God to bestow upon these lower
orders of being, nor what mode of communicat-
ing impressions to each other they have. We
know that fish will tell one another when dan-
ger is at hand; we have just now read an in-
stance of a number of crows sitting in solemn
judgment on one of the flock, and putting him
to death deliberately by hanging him in a tree;
the bridge of monkeys has been admired by
thousands who have read the story; and I have
added to these curious chapters a few more facts
that may be of use in exalting God's creatures
in the estimation of those who are wont to re-
gard inferior animals as unworthy of their at-
tention and sympathy. The chapter could read-
ily be extended to a volume, and I am not sure
but it would be a good service to make the vol-
ume, and vindicate the animals from the con-
tempt of man. There is more in them than
you are apt to think.—Correspondent of Phil.
Presbyterian.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Widow MERCY NEWELL, died in Grantham,
N. H., Aug. 21, aged 76 years. Sister Newell
was born in Charlton, Ms., where she ex-
perienced religion and united with the M. E.
Church. She married Mr. Isaac Newell, and
about the year 1798 settled in Grantham, where
she lived until her death. When they moved
to this place the country was new and their re-
ligious privileges small. They opened their
door for religious meetings, and to entertain
ministers and Christians, and by the blessing of
God upon their endeavors, they soon had a soci-
ety of brethren to walk with them in the way to
heaven. Sister Newell was pious and exem-
plary in her life, peaceful and happy in her
death. "Blessed are the dead who die in the
Lord; they rest from their labors, and their
works do follow them."

J. A. SCARRETT.

Grantham, N. H., Aug.